

T H E
MERRY MILLER:

O R,

The COUNTRY-MAN'S RAMBLE

T O

L O N D O N.

A F A R C E of two A C T S.



Printed for the Author, and sold by
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of this little diverting Piece, hopes his readers will candidly excuse any inaccuracies or faults that may be pointed out in it, as it is the first he ever attempted of any thing in the dramatic way: nor had he ever any thoughts of writing this, had he not been perswaded to it.

Being solicited by some neighbours and friends to play the part of Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera, for their diversion, gave birth to the following Farce, which was begun and finished in less than a month, altho' the author was closely engaged all the while at his trade or business; and he being conscious he shall be thought a Plagiary, begs leave to acquaint the Public in general, that the Plots are entirely originals.

The author having compos'd a new song to be sung in the character of Ben Budge, at the beginning of the 2d Act in the Beggar's Opera, he hath presumed to give it along with the rest of his pieces, for the amusement of his Readers.

If the following pages meet not with the approbation of his readers, he earnestly begs pardon for his boldness in admitting them to the Press.



A New S O N G.

*Sung in the character of Ben Budge, at the beginning
of the 2d Act in the Beggar's Opera.*

Fill the bowl to the brim, hand the glasses around,
Great pleasure you'll own, in full bumpers are
found ;

See this bumper I hold, 'twill enliven th' brain,
I'll drink it, and chorus it over again,

*Again, again, again, again,
I'll drink it and chorus it over again.*

The miserly courtier, who hoards up his wealth,
And wantons in sterling, to pleasure himself;
How simple he looks at a flash in the pan,
He's seiz'd with a panick, how simple's the Man?
Cho.

What souls are so loyal, so valiant as we,
We take all by conquest wherever we be ;
Our arms they'll support us, we'll conquer or die,
No Duke, Lord, nor Common, dare make us to fly.
Cho.

We're hero's like Cæsar, who can us withstand,
We seize on our prey at the word of command ;
Stand, stand, and deliver, your money old squire,
For Cash we must have, cock your pistols, fire, fire,
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire,
For cash we must have, cock your pistols, fire, fire.
[They range in order their pistols.]

Dramatis PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Old CAREFUL,	<i>a Farmer.</i>
ROGER,	<i>his Son.</i>
Old MERRY,	<i>the Miller.</i>
Lord MODELY,	
PHILANDER,	} <i>Shepherds.</i>
THYRSIS,	
JUSTICE,	
JOHN,	} <i>two Watchmen.</i>
RALPH,	
HOP,	} <i>Servants to Ld. Modely,</i>
BILLY TWEEZER.	
HUMPHREY,	
CLODHOPPER,	<i>Servant to Careful.</i>
Carman and Goaler.	

W O M E N.

FLORA,	<i>a Shepherdess.</i>
SUE,	<i>the Miller's Daughter.</i>
DOLL SNAP,	
PICKUP,	} <i>Prostitutes, or Ladies of</i>
WAGTAIL,	
PLACKET,	

SCENE, the Fields.



T H E
M E R R Y M I L L E R :
O R,
The Country-Man's Ramble to
L O N D O N .

A C T 1st. S C E N E 1st. *The Fields.*

Enter Thyrsis and Philander meeting.

P H I L A N D E R .

✱✱✱✱✱ Ear Thyrsis, well met—stand still, and do'nt
✱✱✱✱✱ be in too great a hurry—I have news to
✱✱✱✱✱ tell thee.

THYRS. What news Phil, what news ?

PHIL. News ! why strange news if that be all.

THYRS. Prithee let's hear it then.

PHIL. Why old Careful is for sending his son Roger up to London, because he makes love to Sue, the miller's daughter.

THYRS. [*Surprised*] Hah ! [*recovering himself*] a pretty joke truly : but prithee tell me how Roger approves on the Journey.

A 3

Why

6 *The* MERRY MILLER: or,

PHIL. Why he's as eager on't, as a child for a new play-thing, or as Doll Slattern at the sight of a new sweetheart: but you must know they have promised eternal constancy, to each other; and as soon as he's settled in London, is to send for her, and marry her, and they are to be very great gentlefolks.

THYRS. Very probably they may, if Roger keeps his word.

PHIL. Oh! he's bound to do that, for they broke a huge crown-piece last night, and parted it between them as a token of the same.

THYRS. So! then he cannot well break off:— but when does he set out.—

PHIL. To morrow morning, as soon as the cock crows, or the geese begin to cackle.

THYRS. Does he go by land or by sea?

PHIL. By land.

THYRS. How? does he ride or foot it?

PHIL. I suppose he tramps it all the way on foot, for old Jobson the cobbler hath put a double row of nails in his shoes.

THYRS. And prithee Phil how does Sue bear all this.

PHIL. Bear it! why all by extremes lad—sometimes she laughs, and sometimes sighs; with now and then a feigned cry: her heart goes pit-a-pit; but the thought of being so soon sent for, to be a gentlewoman, dispels the black mist of despair; and now
Thyrst

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Thyrsis, I'll sing thee a new sonnet, of my own making, on the occasion.

S O N G 1st.

*A country-man to town did rove,
From under yonder bill;
And left his horn, his crook and love,
Bright Susan of the mill.*

*The maid did heave, did sigh and fret,
For ten long days or more;
'Till Cory's suit made her forget,
The shepherd lov'd before.*

*Women are changing like the moon,
As wav'ring as the wind;
Dancing to ev'ry new blown tune,
"Out of sight, out of mind."*

*Young Roger too, in London may,
Fair faces see enough;
Where lustre shines with stronger rays,
Than one weak beam from Sue.*

But see 'tis almost dark, let's jogg homewards, and
I'll sing you more as we go along. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E 2d. *Careful's House.**Enter Careful with a purse of money.*

CAREF. Roger——Roger——Roger, why Roger.

ROG. [*within*] Holo——holo——holo, I'm coming mon.*Enter Roger.*

CAREF. What are you doing all this while? 'tis time thou hadst been two or three miles on the road, ——Here, there's twenty guineas I have ty'd up in this bag for you, that thou may'st not be destitute of money when you come to London, but appear like a man :——but hark'e, hast got any silver to defray the expence of travelling?

ROG. No father, not a boden.

CAREF. Then reach me down that old boot that hangs in the chimney, and let me see what there is there. [*Roger reaches the boot*] Oh, ho! here's chink, [*counts the money*] here Roger, here's twelve shillings in silver, and four shillings in good old George's copper, which will carry thee up to London and to spare; and do you hear, I would not have you untie this bag, 'till thou art safe arriv'd at thy Nuncle's.

ROG. Nuncle's! ah, that's right.——Pray father where about in London does he live.

CAREF. In troth I cannot tell, but I have heard he lives some where about Paul's Steeple, however, thou may'st easily find him out, enquire for old Simon
Careful,

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Careful, the cobbler, he's a very noted man, every body knows him, they say he's very rich, and will make you his heir, so with what I can scrape together for thee, thou art sure to be a great man.

ROG. Well father, I hope I shall, so fare-well.

CAREF. The blessing of my heart light upon thee, and send thee a good journey, and often think of what I now charge thee, be sure to take care of the wenching tribe, for they'll never do thee any good.

ROG. Well well.

[Exit Roger.]

CAREFUL *solus.*

Hum! now poor Roger is gone, all courtship will cease between him and that skitter-witted wench, the miller's daughter, for Roger has money, and I can give him money, (so money requires money.) What a thing it would have been, had Roger given all away to a wench that has nothing.—For I don't believe old Merry the miller can portion his daughter off with fifty farthings, much less fifty pounds, which I can give Roger any day; besides Roger is a strait, well proportion'd good built man, and may make his fortune.—Nay if dreams foretell events, Roger is born to be a gentleman.

S O N G 2d.

*No farmer on earth, is more happy than I,
I've money to pay, and I've money to buy;
'Tis money I love, and 'tis money I crave,
For money supports us, and makes us look brave.*

B

The

The MERRY MILLER: or,

*The times they run rarely, my corn goes off well,
 I take none to market, to badgers I sell;
 Who pay me in guineas to fill up my bags,
 What need I to mind, if the poor go in Rags.*

*My cheese go off bravely, quite over the sea,
 And corn follows after, to fetch home some tea;
 Or rather some money, the farmer's true guide,
 To mount him on horseback, in grandeur to ride.*

*The poor are below me, the great I don't mind,
 I'm cas'd up in armour, my pockets are lin'd;
 I am below no man, how can I mount higher,
 Old Careful, he may go as fine as a 'squire. [Exit.*

SCENE *the 3d. The Mill.*

Enter Merry the miller, singing.

*A miller's life's a merry life,
 Then who would be a king;
 He's free from care and free from strife,
 To hop about and sing.*

*In a cook's-shop there's none need starve,
 Where plenty's to be found;
 No more need I, when th' hopper's fill'd,
 And the cog-wheels turn round.*

There's

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*There's Kate and Maudlin, Ralph and Will,
And every jocund soul;
Will bring their grist unto the mill,
So I may fill my bowl.*

*Then in my mill, I live secure,
From court's tumultuous noise,
No golden dust but milk white meal,
Doth dimnify my eyes, Tol-rol-lol.*

Enter Sue.

SUE. What a noise ye make, singing and ranting in this manner, one cannot sleep in a morning for you, besides you know I am not very well.

MILL. Not well Sue, not well——no no, not well; in troth Sue, thou art always a ladding, and art never well——Some new fangoe or other continually disturbs thy quiet,

SUE. Don't teaze me with your nonsense, for I am bad, really bad, I'll assure you, I am very ill——and you have no pity tho' I was at death's door.

MILL. I always pity when I see occasion, but when I see a wench simpering and ogleing at every young fellow that comes in her way, and fighting with a *beigho*, when he leaves her, then I judge 'tis the inconsistent frailty of women, and I take no pity at all.

SUE. Well to be sure, when a woman is ill, you imagine her frailty to be the cause.

MILL. I have often observed that women are generally most fond when there is the least occasion for fondness.—How many fine ladies have we in this realm who are in love, desperately in love, with some coxcomb or other, that does not care a farthing for them.

SUE. Well, but I hope, father, you do not think all people are alike.

MILL. No: but I think a woman should not shew her fondness, 'till she has prov'd her suitor's sincerity.

SUE. Indeed for that matter, I think some men will promise a thousand things, and never perform one: but suppose two lovers, loved each other to the last extreme of loving, and some accident or other obliged them for some time to part, and as a token of constancy, they break a piece of money between them, then to be sure they must both act with sincerity.

MILL. Perhaps they may for a while, but absence, absence! (too oft) makes promises to be entirely forgot, and each party jingle themselves in favour with a fresh supply.

S O N G 4th.

*When I was young I courted Ruth,
A bucksome wench she was in truth,
I lov'd, I own I lov'd:
But being of a tinder frame,
One spark soon set me in a flame,
From girl to girl I rev'd.*

I pre-

*I promis'd Ruth I would prove true,
The very same I promis'd Sue,
And likewise Kate and Joan :
'Till twenty sweethearts I had got,
Before that I could single out,
One lass to be my own.*

*Thus Sue, I went on in my younger years, toll—
doll—loll—* [Exit Miller.

SUE sola.

I am glad the old fellow is gone, for I find by his maggoty temper that I shall receive but small comfort by discoursing with him ; let him say what he will, I have great confidence in Roger, and make no doubt but I shall soon be riding in my coach about London, for I have heard some people say that all young, women that go to London are made ladies : but I had the oddest dream last night.—Nay ; but old Mother Bunch says that dreams go by the contraries ; so I will at present make myself easy, and live in hope of being call'd something more than Sue the miller's daughter.

S O N G 5th.

*When I in London take the air,
With Roger in a coach or chair ;
In gay attire as fine I'll go,
As any queen in puppet shew.*

Me

The MERRY MILLER: or
*Me Lady Careful they will call,
 At plays, ridotto's or Vauxhall;
 Instead of Susan of the mill,
 Should Roger but his vows fulfil.*

So I'll after my old daddy, and make myself as
 easy as I can. [Exit.

SCENE 4th, near Highgate.

Enter Roger solus, on his journey.

ROG. Sure I am not far off this fine city of London,
 for I begin to be very weary, and 'tis almost night;
 but when I have found out my nunkle Simon, I will
 lie in bed two or three days, to rest myself.—Me-
 thinks already, I begin to repent taking so long a
 journey, and wish myself in the arms of my dear Sue.

Enter Doll Snap meeting him.

SNAP, Stand and deliver.

ROG. Deliver what!—what do you mean?—
 who are you?

SNAP, No matter who I am,—I say, stand and
 deliver your money.

ROG. What the devil is the woman drunk?

SNAP, Drunk, you rascal,—no matter what I
 am,—I say pull out your money.

ROG. Why thou impudent baggage, dost think I am
 to be frighten'd by such a she monster as thou art?
 no, no; I have not my A B C to learn at these
years,

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years, so get about your business, or I'll spurn you to the devil.

SNAP, Do you stand to parly with me, rascal, either pull out your money this moment, or I'll blow your brains out. *[Cocks a pistol.]*

ROG. Here take it, *[pulls out his money]* now farewell all hopes of good fortune.

SNAP, And farewell bumpkin. *[Exit Doll Snap.]*

ROG. A curse light on you and all misfortunes, sure an unlucky planet hover'd over me when I set out.—What a peck of miseries I am likely to be involved in.—No money, nor am I sure of finding out my nunkle Simon. To be sure nothing could have nettled me worse than to be robb'd, and brought into such deplorable circumstances, and by a woman too! however, destitute as I am, I have no other way left but to try fortune, tho' in the utmost calamity.

[Exit.]

SCENE 5th, London.

Enter Roger meeting a Carman.

ROG. Pray master, can you tell me which is Paul's steeple.

CARM. *[leering.]* I cannot say I can, you had better enquire of that fine lady there, she may perhaps give you some intelligence.

Enter Pickup.

ROG. Madam—madam—madam, can you—

PICKUP

PICK. How do you do country-man; I guess by your meaning, that you want a good place.

ROG. Yes, madam. *[Bowling awkwardly.]*

PICK. Then come along with me, I'll hire you to wait of three ladies.

ROG. *[aside]* Thanks to my stars for that——madam, I will wait on you, and be your most humble, humble servant. *[Exit following.]*

SCENE 6th, a Bagnio.

Placket and Wagtail sitting at a table.

WAGT. It always tickles my fancy the most when I see my play-fellow part with his money like a free hearted gentleman. To be sure, when one has a miser to deal with, there is such offs and anns, that without Bacchus plays his part well, there is scarce any such thing as making a prey on them.

PLACK. Indeed Wagtail, to nick a miser is something difficult, but the best way I think to make them bleed, is by allurements.

Enter Pickup and Roger.

[Roger bows auk'ardly and rears himself to the wall]

ROG. *[to each]* Your servant——your servant.

PICK. Sit down my dear.

ROG. Servant madam.

[Bows.]

WAGT. Come sit by me my dear.

ROG. Servant madam.

[Bows.]

PLACK. No ceremony sir, pray take your place.

ROG.

ROG. A servant should not make too free madam; besides, 'tis not his place to sit among ladies.

WAGT. We always make much of our servants, so Placket make ready a bowl of punch, to welcome our new stranger; in London here, the ladies oft make as free with a footman, as they do with a lord.
[Exit Placket, and returns with a bowl of punch, takes hold of Roger and sets him in a chair.]

PLACK. Don't be bashful, my dear.

ROG. I shall always be willing to obey you in any thing.

WAGT. Hand round the bowl, [They all drink.]

PICK. Come drink again, my dear, 'twill enliven your spirits, [Roger drinks.] Come again, [Roger drinks again.]

ROG. This is brave work, to be sure, London is a fine place. [Aside.]

WAGT. [to Placket] Go girl and fetch in another bowl, we will keep up our old Rules, and feast to-night on pleasure. [Exit Placket, who re-enters with another bowl] Come my dear, let top and bottom go together. [Roger drinks.]

ROG. Oh! brave again! [aside] good ladies, good benefactresses——egad I begin to be rather top heavy, but——

WAGT. Drink again my dear.

ROG, Dear, dear! to be sure they are in love with me, [aside.] Hiccup——madam, you may command

me to do any thing.

[*Drinks.*

WAGT. Then my dear, I am always very fond of singing, pray will you favour us with one of your country-catches : but first mend your draught.

ROG. Madam——hiccup! in our country we are all very indifferent singers ; however, to oblige you, I'll do my best.

[*Drinks, sings.*

S O N G 6th.

*When ranging o'er the moor,
With Susan, Kate and Doll ;
I met three sweethearts more,
Brisk Nancy, Ruth and Poll.*

*Their sparkling eyes did roll,
Their glances too did kill ;
But what delights my soul,
Is Susan of the mill.*

PLACK. Very pretty, but singing cannot well be performed without more liquor, so hand round the bowl, come my dear, a leaky vessel must be often fill'd, so drink again.

[*Roger drinks.*

ROG. Ecod, I think the chair seems to totter under me, hiccup, certainly I cannot be Roger now, but am transformed into something else, and got into Paradise.

WAGT. [*to Placket*] He begins to rave now, let's ply him a little more, 'till he is quite intoxicated, and then we can draw upon him for the reckoning, [*aside.*

PICK. Come my dear, here's to the lass of the mill.

[*Drinks to Roger,*

ROG.

ROG. A brave mill.—What been those all cog-wheels that be whirling round so merrily there? I think Sue, all the mill is turn'd into a whirligig.—Hiccup, give's a kifs, [*offers to kifs Pickup, but cannot.*] Waunds, where am I going now—ods-bud, I am swimming away! hiccup—but— [*falls fast asleep.*]

WAGT. So now the clown is bit, and the bird fairly taken.—As the booby has taken so freely of our liquor, we will take his money as freely, which can be thought no other than a reasonable exchange, so search his pockets, for I make no doubt but the booby has got a purse worth taking.

PLACK. We must be all assisting. [*They search his pockets and find nothing.*]

PICK. All empty! and nothing to be found! this is amazing!—I made no doubt but the countryfied blockhead, had got a good deal of money about him: but I find he has tip'd the Yorkshire upon us, and nick'd the biters, who thought to bite him.

PLACK. Rat him for a villain, but we will be reveng'd on him; let's strip him, cut off his head, and cast him into the privy.

WAGT. Run Placket for a hatchet, I'll cut his head off this moment. Stay, stay I'll fetch it myself, [*Exit Wagtail, and re-enters with the hatchet.*] Come, now's your doom. [*Offers to kill him.*]

PICK. Hold! stop your hand Wagtail, if we take

away his life, we run a great risque, of losing our own. Let's strip him of his clothes, and turn him out stark naked into the street.

PLAC. That's much the safest way.—Pull off his doublet in a moment, now the booby is dead drunk, and has lost all his senses, we must make ourselves some recompence or other. [*They strip him to the shirt.*

WAGT. To make the clown more ridiculous, let's tye him up in an old blanket, and then by day light he'll be taken for a cheat. [*They tye him in a blanket, an old straw hat and quoif on his head.*

WAGT. Turn him out. [*They heave him out into the street.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

S C E N E 7th, the Street.

Roger reeling about.

Enter two watchmen, John and Ralph.

RALPH, Zouns John, what the devil is that? to be sure it is a ghost, or some spirit.

JOHN, Hush Ralph! I think it is the Cock-Lane ghost, or the devil drest in women's clothes.

ROG. Hiccup—no, no,—hiccup, it is Roger.

RALPH, Roger!—some drunken old baggage, I believe.

JOHN, More likely some disguised spy that's hurtful to the state.—Come firrah, we'll put you into the round-house to sober. [*They seize him,*

ROG. Hiccup—round enough I believe, for all

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all turns round with me.—Well, to be sure,
you are very good to lead me home in this manner.

RALPH, Ay, come along, we'll take you to your
lodgings. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 8th, *the Justice's house.*

Enter the Watchmen with Roger.

Watch knock at the door.—Enter servant.

RALPH, Is your master at home?

SERV. Yes.—

RALPH, Desire him to step hither. [*Exit servant.*]
Enter Justice.

Sir, we have brought an unruly hobling thing here,
like a monster, we cannot tell whether it be a man
or a woman; nor can we get any satisfactory account
from him.

JUST. By his looks he appears to be an hermaphro-
dite.—Pray where did you find him?

RALPH, Sir, he either was, or pretended to be
drunk, and was reeling about the streets in the mid-
dle of the night: we judged he was some cheat, and
so put him into the round-house, and have brought
him hither that your worship may examine him, for
we thought it was of consequence our duty to take
him up.

JUST. Bring him nearer. [*to Roger*] Pray what are
you, and where do you come from?

ROG. God blefs your majesty, I was born in a lit-
tle

the village, near the borders of Wales, and my name is Roger Careful.

JUST. Roger Careful——well, but what brings you in this disguise, and so late in the street last night?

ROG. Indeed most worshipful good Sir, I cannot tell, but I am an innocent honest man, I assure you.

JUST. Honest——thy looks rather shew thy honesty to be roguish policy, by thy dress, it appears thou hast had some base design.

ROG. I am indeed sir, I am. [Kneeling.

JUST. A wicked varlet, I will hear you no more. [Writes] here take this mittimus, and let him be put to hard labour in Bridewel, 'till next quarter sessions.

ROG. Pray master, good master, dear master——

JUST. I can't mitigate——begone. [Exeunt omnes

A C T 2d. S C E N E 1st.

Philander and Flora sitting in a bower.

S O N G 7th.

P H I L A N D E R.

*Ye bowers so pleasing, ye flowers so gay,
Whose odours enliven the spring ;
Yield nosegays to pleasure my queen of the May,
For Flora, 'tis Flora, for Flora I sing.*

*How happy am I, now my Flora is by,
Dear Flora for ever prove true ;
Then I'll sound forth my joy, thro' th' ethereal sky,
An eccho, an eccho, my flame shall renew.*

If

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*If you say the word no, Oh ! how pale shall I grow,
As a corse in a coffin appear ;*

*But say the word yes, and your true lover's blest,
That I, that I, may no longer despair.*

*Let people of fashion, quite over the nation,
Be jocund, be jolly and free.*

*I'll vow to be true, nor Kate, Doll, nor Sue,
Shall ever, shall ever, be rivals to thee.*

How I long to be made happy for ever : but no object on earth, (tho' the fairest of objects) can heighten her charms, so as to cast one reflection o'er the mirror of my eyes.—'Tis you, my dear Flora, are the only object of my love ; and 'tis you only, who can give me pleasure, or increase my pain.

FLORA, Men entertain so high an esteem for dissimulation, and the enchantress prevails so much over the whole sex, that she puts them almost out of every woman's power, to make a complete conquest of the man she loves ; so that they may live and be what they should be, a virtuous, honest couple, from every nobleman's seat, down to the peasant's cottage, dissimulation, tho' a ghastly spectre, takes her abode, and some young men taking so freely of her spells, endeavour to bring some fair charmer or other (or perhaps all that lie in their way) to the lowest ebb of misery, which is sure in time to bring the greatest ruin on themselves.

PHIL.

PHIL. My dear, don't tell me of dissembling, for I bid defiance to the fiend, and all her accomplices. —What extacy! what joy! will spring up in every motion of my nerves, if you will consent to make me happy, so that we may join hand and heart together: But alas! how oft have I heard of inconstancy, retiring with the fair sex, to entice them to love every new object they see. Oh! banish the spright my dear, Flora, from your cottage, grant me but love for love, and then I ask no more.

FLORA, Tell me not of inconstancy, Philander, I know nothing of her, nor has she ever once that I know of, come near the entry of my door, should you be sincere in what you now say, I would sooner take a rod and cast at her; than once admit her into my apartment.

PHIL. Grant me but one token, and this shall be mine for ever. [Embracing.

FLORA. Well, now I hope you are satisfied.

PHIL. Dear Flora, my love is so united to thine, and center'd in this point, in my very heart, that nothing but death shall part us. —But let us retire to our flocks, and crown our Joy, with thoughts of future pleasure. [Exeunt.

S C E N E 2d. *the Mill.*

Enter Miller and Sue spinning.

MILL. Sue, I must go out this evening, for we are to have a town's-meeting, and I am to be made the constable of the parish.

SUE

SUE. Don't stay late out at night, for I am so fearful of spirits since I saw old Maudlin Bouncer's ghost, that I think I have had a trembling on me ever since.

MILL. I must own spirits are a little terrifying, but I shall not stay late. *[Exit Miller.]*

SUE *sola.*

Bless me, what in the name of wonder ails me! I am not as I us'd to be; certainly Roger is dead, and that was his ghost I met, which I took to be old Maudlin Bouncer.—Egad, I have a good mind to think of him no more, for I think I could like——like——nay nobody is by,——I could like Thyrsis as well as him. *[Sings and spins.]*

S O N G 8th.

*Ungrateful man was Roger sure,
To leave me quite behind;
To turn my spinning wheel about,
With one continual round.*

*[Hop goes whistling by the mill.
Come Thyrsis come, thy humble suit,
I will no more deny;
Roger no more shall rack my thought,
I'll sigh no more, not I.]*

Egad, but this puts me in mind of another pretty song, which was in the last new ballad I bought, I'll run to read it. *[Exit running.]*

Enter Hop, solus.

HOP, Whenever my lady is abroad, I am continually

ally trudging about to get intelligence of some free hearted wench or other, to lie with my lord.—It's surprizing to me, that one woman, so good a woman too, as my lady is, cannot serve his turn.—Indeed I must confess, one would be too much for me.—old Merry the miller I find is gone abroad, and his daughter is spinning in the mill; I make no doubt but when he hears it, he will have a flap at her, for I have heard him say, he has had an hankering inclination towards her, for some time past, so I'll be gone.

[Exit.

S C E N E 3d, *Lord Modely's house.*

Ld. MODELy *solus.*

When a man has a natural inclination towards women, he has no government over his passions, but is led blindfolded by sensuality, thro' every mazy path of pleasure, to feast a while: but after sinks into a boggy quagmire of corruption. How oft have I thus calmly reflected on the ruin of man, when tumbling down myself the mountain of destruction? how oft have I inwardly resolved to amend my past ill conduct of life; when at the sight of some fair charmer or other I'm suddenly seiz'd with rapture, and put in flames which burn more furious than ever. I love women; but then, how false is that love! only for moments of pleasure.—I have the best of wives, and tho' I have basely wrong'd her, have as yet kept her in
the

The COUNTRY-MAN'S RAMBLE to LONDON. 27

the dark, and she not being conscious of my guilt, believes I am one of the best of husbands ; but alas ! I cannot refrain from the sex I love, but like a child am still more delighted with new play-things.

Enter Hop.

HOP. My lord, old Merry the miller, is gone to a town's-meeting, and perhaps will not come home 'till late in the evening, his daughter is spinning alone in the mill, and singing like a nightingale ; and if I have any judgement in women, a pretty smirking sort of a wench it is.

Ld. MODE. Now am I against my will driven on to feast on forbidden pleasure.—You say Hop, the girl is alone, and the miller abroad.

HOP. Yes my lord.

Ld. MODE. Then I must away.—Is she handsome Hop ?

HOP. I think so, my mouth run water when I pass by her.

Ld. MODE. I must be gone, Hop, do you follow after, in case any mishap should follow.

[Exit Lord Modely.]

Hop solus.

I thought how it would be ; tho' my lord will sometimes preach a sermon an hour long of the frailty of women, and resolve never to be taken in by them any more, yet whenever a female presents herself in his view, he is involuntarily drawn into the snare. How

many wenches, and pretty wenches too, have been made victims by him : But I must not stand prating here, for as long as my lord pays me so well, I'll take care to please him as well as I can. *[Exit.*

S C E N E 4th. *the Mill.*

SUE *sola, spinning.*

SUE. I could wish Thyrsis was here; methinks when he comes again, I will not appear so strange as I us'd to do, for I do love him, ay, that I do.—

Enter Lord Modely, disguis'd.

Bless me, what fine fellow is that ? it is not Roger sure, is it ? Ods dickens no ! but he comes towards me, I must get up. *[Rises.*

Ld. MODE. Sit still child, I am come to make you the happiest woman upon earth,—I'll make you a lady.

SUE. A lady ! what can this mean ? *[Ld. Modely offers to embrace her]* Don't touch me, I don't love so much familiarity with strangers, so get about your business.

Ld. MODE. I am a gentleman of honour, and as a token of my gratitude, here is a purse of guineas for you, *[she refuses taking them.]* Do take them child, and yield to my embraces, and I'll give you as many more.

SUE. Rot your money,—now I find what you'd be at.—No, no ; I prize my virtue more than all the

the guineas in the world, so touch me if you dare, I'll run to my father this moment.

LD. MODE. [*stops her*] Don't be so hasty child, behold fortune is hovering over you in a golden shower. I love you, and love hath no bounds. [*Pressing her.*]

SUE. I am not to be loved in this manner——either loose me, or I'll shriek out this minute.

LD. MODE. And won't you comply?

SUE. No I won't, if you were the king.

LD. MODE. So then, I have no other way but——
[*Forces her, she shrieks.*]

SUE. Oh! Oh!——murder, murder!——loose me.——Oh! murder, murder!——

Enter Thyrsis.

THYRS. Why villain, are you going to ruin the girl, and force her against her will? Your very actions are a dishonour to our sex; nor shall you go unpunished. [*Beats him.*]

LD. MODE. Forgive me, and I will make ample satisfaction.

SUE, Oh! Thyrsis, Thyrsis; all my future happiness is dependant on you, for you have sav'd me from the villain's clutches, who sought to ruin me.

Enter Miller drunk, singing, with a constable's staff.

MILL. What hurly burly's here?——Why Sue, Sue.——

SUE. Oh! father, father. [*Crying.*]

THYRS. I am glad you are come, see here's a villain

villain, who has attempted to ravish your daughter.

MILL. Ravish my wench ! stand further, I'll dash the rogue's brains out. *[Offers to strike him.]*

THYRS. Hold, stop your hand, as you are constable, we'll take him before a magistrate.

MILL. I can't forbear him, I'll shake him to rags, and have him hang'd afterwards. *[Shakes him.]*

Enter Hop.

HOP, What, murder my lord ! brave work indeed.

MILL. Why you limping son of a whore, where do you come from ? do you interfere ? I'll throttle you firrah.——Oh ! my poor wench, my poor wench. Come Thyrsis, let's put them both into the house of correction 'till to morrow, and then take them before a Justice of peace.——Oh ! my wench, my wench ; I'll have them both hang'd, so come along.——
[Pulls them.]

Ld. MODE. Pray mitigate your passion, your daughter has received no wrong ; and to let you know how much I repent of my folly, I shall tell you my true name, which is lord Modely, you know I am your neighbour ; so if you keep this affair a secret, and come to my house to morrow morning, I'll settle an annuity on your daughter for life, for her virtue is safe, and the man that rescu'd her I admire, and will be grateful too.

MILL. A fine lord indeed ; but I promise you friend, if we let you go now, we'll be with you betimes in
it

The COUNTRY-MAN'S RAMBLE to LONDON: 31
in the morning—but stop, first tell me plainly Sue,
are you safe?

SUE. I am father, I am, thanks to Thyrsis for it.

MILL. Well then, get out of my house. [*Exeunt
lord Modely & Hop*] So Thyrsis, stay with us to
supper, when you shall tell me the whole of this
matter, and we'll lay our heads together to make
the best on't. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E 5th, Lord Modely's house.

Ld. MODE. Methinks I would not for the world
my Wife should hear of this unlucky affair, I must
order matters with the miller as well as I can.

HOP. Indeed I thought we should both have been
kill'd, the miller did so throttle me, that I have had
a rattling in my wind-pipe ever since, I can scarce
speak.

Enter Billy Tweezer with a letter.

BILL. There is an old woman at the door, has
brought this letter for your lordship.

Ld. MOD. Give her a can of beer, and let her
stay for an answer.

BILL. Yes my lord. [*Exit Tweezer.*]

Ld. MOD. Let's see, [*reads*] “ My Lord, I have
“ scarce spirits to write this woeful epistle to your lord-
“ ship, but force compels me to let you know, that I
“ am six months gone with child; the affair is got
“ already to lady Modely's ear, she will expect me
to

“to father the child; but as I have no other father
 “in the world but you, am in the utmost distress,
 “nor do I know what to do with myself. My lord,

“I am affectionately, yours to command,

“SARAH LOVEWELL.”

I find no man can play with Venus without being always in danger.—As my wife hath got hold of this affair, I have no other way Hop, but to make you the father of the child, so I must immediately order the girl to father the child on you, and shall settle an annuity for the same.

HOP. My lord, I don't know what to do about standing father to so many children; to be sure if my lady should ever find it out, she'll think me a very wicked man: besides, as I begin to grow old, people will judge of my incapacity.—Nay for that matter I was always a fumbler at the best, I don't believe I could ever get a child, and yet I am father to nine and twenty of yours.

Ld. MOD. Then this will make up thirty Hop, I will go and order this affair immediately.—But hold, here comes the Miller.

Enter Miller, Thyrsis and Sue.

MILL. Well friend, we are all come to see what you intend to do in this affair, for I have had a very restless night on't, I assure you.

Ld. MOD. Honest miller, you are welcome, what I did last night, was to prove your daughter's chastity.

MILL.

MILL. Chastity ! if it had not been for this young fellow here, you'd have prov'd it with a vengeance.

Ld. MODE. As no harm is done, you may rest satisfied : but as I admire virtue, wherever it is to be found, shall settle an annuity on your daughter (and this young man) of one hundred guineas per annum, here is a joint lease of the same for their lives, and as a mark of my friendship, I will so order it, that you shall have the mill rent free as long as you live.

MILL. I thank you my lord, for your generosity, but further I desire you will give me in hand-writing, a promise never to offer to ravish my wench any more.

Ld. MODE. That you shall have, so let the affair be kept secret.

MILL. It shall——and now young man, [*to Thyrsis*] since matters are as they are, I freely give you my daughter to wed and to bed, if you think proper.——Sue, are you willing ?

SUE. No man in the world I desire to make happy but him.

THYRS. Then come my dear, let Hymen crown the day with pleasure. [*Takes hold of Sue.*]

Ld. MODE. I must away——Hop make them welcome with the best my house affords.——

[*Exit Ld. Modely.*]

HOP. I will, and am glad this wenching work is over.——Come gentlemen, we'll have a tankard of of negus, and a bowl of punch ready in a minute, I'll

* D

call

The MERRY MILLER: or,
 call Billy Tweezer——holo, Billy. [*Enter Tweezer.*]
 Bring a full tankard of negus, and a bowl of punch
 hither in a minute.

BILLY. It shall be got ready in a moment. [*Exit.*

HOP. Come no time like the present,——[*Enter Tweezer with the liquor*] let's drink about, and
 turn the day to mirth and jollity, and sing a merry
 catch to pass the fleeting hours away. [*They all drink.*

S O N G 10th.

*Come Bacchus crown the day with mirth,
 Leave off all sober thinking;
 We'll be the happiest souls on earth,
 And crown ourselves by drinking.
 Hand round the tankard, hand it round,
 And let the bowl be chinking;
 Let nothing else but songs resound,
 When we are blest by drinking.*

*Come drink it up, and fill again,
 All sorrows now are sinking;
 And pleasure brings a merry strain,
 When jovially we're drinking.
 Bacchus to thee, we'll chorus sing,
 Whose eyes are always twinkling;
 We'll sound the bowl and every thing,
 That gives us aid in drinking.*

[*Exeunt, reeling and singing chorus.*

SCENE

S C E N E 6th. *the Mill.*

Miller solus.

Well now the wedding is over, and things begin to be settled.—I can make myself as merry in my mill as ever a miller in England.

S O N G 1st.

*I sing not of hero's who venture their lives,
Nor husbands, who always are banging their wives;
Nor scolds, who are scolding from morning to night :
But when my mill's grinding, it's all my delight.*

Derry down, down, &c.

Enter Humphrey, with a warrant.

HUMP. I am order'd to deliver this warrant safe into your own hands.—You are to take a man for getting a bastard child.

MILL. Zoons Humphrey, but you must be assisting.

HUMP. Ods flesh—I don't care to go, not I.

MILL. But I command you in the king's name to be assisting.—But hold, let's read the warrant. [reads] "You are to take Hopper-Hop-Hopper." I can read but poorly, but I find it is old Careful's servant, so come along Humphrey. [Exeunt.

S C E N E 7th, *Careful's house.**Enter Careful and Clodhopper.*

CAREF. I wonder Clodhopper, what is become of Roger ; 'tis strange I can get no intelligence of him.
 —Poor lad, I wish all be well with him.

CLODH. I wish he had staid at home measter.

Enter Miller and Humphrey.

MILL. [*to Clodhopper*] You are the king's prisoner, I have a warrant here for you ; you have gotten a wench with child, and must make her an honest woman, by matrimony, or give security for the bastard.—Hold him fast Humphrey.

CLODH. O lud !——measter, measter,——I never had to do with any woman in my life.

MILL. Let's have none of your lies rascal, it is such rogues as you who encumber the parish with so many bastards to maintain.

CLODH. Wauns mon ! I don't know a mon from a woman, but by their drefs, so let me go about my business. [*Pulling.*]

MILL. Zoons Humphrey, let's bind the rogue.

HUMPH. Ay, ay,——come, we'll make you fast, I warrant you. [*Binds him.*]

CLODH. O lud, lud, lud,——[*to Careful*] good master Careful, save me.——O lud, O lud.——

CAREF. I shall not encourage you in your whore-
 ing

ing tricks, not I.—I have nothing to do with you, but pay you your wages, and discharge you.

CLODH. O mon, mon, I never whor'd in my life, —Oh, Oh!—

CAREF. Nay, I have observ'd him run like a fright-ed thing, at the sight of a hobgoblin, had a woman but shak'd her petticoats at him.

CLODH. O for God's sake, unbind me, for I never touch'd the hem of a petticoat in all my life.

MILL. Come, come Humphrey, there's no dally-ing with him, let's take him along. [*Pulls him.*]

CLODH. I wonnat go, no that I wonnat, without I am carried ; and you are a sorry old fellow, to haul me in this manner.

MILL. What, do you disturb the peace sirrah ? do you parly with the constable. [*Takes him off.*]

CLODH. Oh lud, lud!—Oh lud, lud!—Oh, Oh!— [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E 8th, *Bridewell.*

Roger solus beating bemp.

What a wretched plight am I in ? here do I labour all day, with scarce food enough to keep me alive : but perhaps death will soon put an end to my misery, for I expect every day, that they will take me to be hang'd, and for no crime at all that I know of.— This makes me somewhat the easier, for I shall die a martyr,

martyr, and they say, all martyrs go to heaven. I could wish my nunkle Simon did but know of my misfortunes; he might perhaps comfort me in distress.

Enter Goaler.

GOAL. As no body appears against you this Sessions, I am order'd to turn you out.

ROG. I always told you, I was an innocent unfortunate man: but I am resolv'd tho' I beg my way home, to make the best of my way thither; for I have had sorrows enough in London: but when I have turn'd my back on it, I will never see it more.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E 9th, *Careful's house.*

Roger knocking at the door.

Enter Careful frightened.

CAREF. Zoons! who the devil are you? I have nothing for you. I should think it a sin to relieve such a hanging beggar as you.—The house of correction is the fittest place for you.

ROG. Will you give me nothing? don't you know me?

CAREF. No not I;—I tell you, I will give you nothing.

ROG. But you shall give me something, before I leave you.

CAREF.

CAREF. What do you intend to rob me? either go from my house this instant, or I'll send for old Merry the constable to seize you.

ROG. And are you so hard hearted to disown your son, your poor son Roger?

CARE. [*amaz'd, pulls off his clothes*] Roger, Roger! let's put on my spectacles; is this my lad? [*puts them on*] ay, that it is. But prithee what brings thee in this woeful plight?

ROG. My miseries will not give me utterance.

[*Crying.*]

CAREF. Nay then, I fear thou hast committed some murder.—Hast'e kill'd any body?

ROG. No, no, father, I am almost kill'd myself; I have lost all.

CAREF. Let's search thee, where art'e wounded? what is the bag of money gone? Thou hast made a fine journey on't to lose all, and come home stark naked.

ROG. Was you to know all the misfortunes that have befallen me, it would melt you to compassion, tho' your heart was as hard as stone.

CAREF. Well, come, I must take you in follow me, and let's get some clothes on your back. I sent you up to London to make your fortune, and thou art ruin'd by it.—I wish thou hadst stay'd and had the miller's daughter, but now she is married,
and

The MERRY MILLER: or,
and a fine dowry settled on her.—Come follow
me. [Exit Careful.

ROG. So it seems, I have lost my love after all!
—Oh Sue, Sue! I thought thou wouldst have been
constant to thy promise; and not have forsaken thy
true lover: but when a man is once plunged into the
lake of misery, he's constantly sinking lower and
lower in it.

THUS am I borne upon misfortune's wing,
What trouble will this woeful frolic bring;
This wretched journey I have undergone,
Must be a warning sure to every one.
I have lost all, there's no man can lose more,
And yet I find my mis'ries are not o'er;
For sorrow still will more increase my smart,
Since Susans's gone, who now has got my heart.
[Exit.

S C E N E 10th, *Flora's cottage.*
Enter Philander and Flora, singing a Pastoral.

P H I L A N D E R.

DEAR FLORA, how happy was I,
When over the meadows we went;
Your presence created new joy,
Each moment was happily spent.

You

You promis'd you wou'd be my bride,
Old Hymen shou'd fasten the noose ;
But now you're about being ty'd,
To Collin, and do me refuse.

FLORA.

Philander, you first broke those vows,
So oft you protested to keep ;
When sitting beneath the hay-mows,
And when you attended your sheep.
There's Celia, Daphne and Prue,
Such various sweethearts you find ;
Which prove that Philander's untrue,
Your words as inconstant as wind.

PHILANDER.

Dear Flora, I needs must confess,
I've toyed with Fanny and Ruth ;
My vows were not broke ne'ertheless ;
'Twas only the folly of youth.
So don't a true lover disdain,
Nor unto young Collin comply ;
Or I must for ever complain,
For you my dear Flora I die.

FLORA.

Young men, they will flatter and swear,
Until the fair charmer they've won ;
And by rushing into a snare,
There's many a poor maiden undone.

F

The MERRY MILLER: or

As to Collin, I cannot deny,
 But sometimes at our cottage he'll call,
 Yet oft I have told the young boy,
 I'll marry with none of you all.

PHILANDER.

My dear, don't such cruelty shew,
 To Hymen let's instantly hie ;
 My happiness centers in you,
 Oh do not ! Oh do not deny !

FLORA.

Don't teaze me Philander I pray,
 Nor ask me such questions no more ;
 The passion of love will decay,
 Should poverty darken the Door.
 Behold if you'd take a review,
 Halt over the neighbouring plain,
 Both sexes you'll find not a few,
 'Gainst Hymen will rage and complain.

PHILANDER.

Why Flora, there's something of truth,
 In what you are pleas'd to express;
 But contentment gives pleasure to youth,
 And centers in true happiness.
 There's Thomas and Peggy you know,
 Who live at the brow of the hill,
 Tho' low in their station they shew,
 Content hovers over their cell,
 Industry is all their support,
 But yet they are cheerful and gay ;

Peers

Peers and Peereffes fhining at court,
 Cannot be more happy than they.
 Each day Thomas labours and fings,
 His fhuttle flies merrily on ;
 And Peggy her fpinning-wheel brings,
 To join in the Chorus begun.
 Their children around them will play,
 Or prattling together will rove ;
 The joy of their parents are they,
 And e'ery thing centers in love.
 Then don't my dear Flora defpife,
 Old Hymen's connubial ftate ;
 A cottage will better fuffice,
 Than pent in the walls of the great.

FLORA.

Both Thomas and Peggy, 'tis true,
 From envy's bafe fchemes live fecure,
 But yet they have fomething to do,
 To banifh the wolf from the door.
 Contentment I know is the thing,
 I always fhould long to obtain ;
 The Goddeffs much pleafure doth bring,
 Yet few people hold up her train.
 But fince my Philander proves true,
 The yoke I more eafy can bear ;
 Our promifes then let's renew,
 And unto old Hymen repair.

PHILANDER.

Let mirth my dear Flora abound,
 That moment you gave your confent ;

My

44 The MERRY MILLER, &c.

My heart leapt with joy at the sound,
That moment was happily spent
To church my dear FLORA let's go,
Now Hymen thy office get done,
Thy blessing upon us bestow,
Unite us together as one.

HYMEN'S grand CHORUS.

Be happy for ever fond pair,
Don't pine at the toil of the day;
For Ceres doth to me declare,
You shall reap the pleasures of May.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

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